

# Western Register & Chronicle.

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WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 9243.

## Poetry.

### TWO ENTRANCES, AND TWO EXITS.

#### THE ENTRANCES.

There were two Kings, where Italy's foot,  
The foot the King is taking so.

The one was a King of Kings,  
The other a King of Kings.

With a King of Kings, King of Kings,  
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## Miscellaneous.

### THE THREE HUNCHBACKS.

#### A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

(Continued.)

This delicate but indirect flattery made the

the devotion, the courage and tact of

Guyonard Desbours.

"Well, well, my faithful Guyonard, that

shall fight also," said the marshal. "Gen-

lemen," he added, as he rose from the

table, "you see what may be expected of a

fiction which inspires the most pitiable of

children with such rare and noble senti-

ments of patriotism."

Every one rose. Luxembourg took a

goblet of champagne, and drank the health

of Louis XIV. The toast was received

with cries of "Vive le roi!" and by a burst

of martial music.

"Gentlemen," resumed Luxembourg, "re-

turn to your respective cantonments. My

aid-de-camp will this night bear you to

my last orders, and at break of day three

canon-shots, fired in the park of this

chateau, will give you signal to form in

line. Adieu, gentlemen—to-morrow."

Then turning to his captain of guards, and

pointing to Elyen, he said, "Let an eye

be kept upon this man, and allow no one

to communicate with him. Elyen," he

whispered in the ear of the captain, "if

your information is inaccurate, that shall

be hung over the portcullis of the chateau.

If, on the contrary, thou hast said true,

five hundred louis d'or will recompense

thy zeal."

"My lord, I am sure to have them."

"So much the better for thee," said

Guyonard Desbours. "As for us, my

dear Reine, let us prepare for the combat.

We must gain our spurs to-morrow, and

history must one day say that an illu-

minous hunchback made the colors of France

triumph on the field of Neerwinden, and

that two hunchbacks performed prodigies

of valor, and killed greatly in gaining the

victory. Elyen, Reine, if we save our

carrier will be glorious. If we fall, we shall

have the esteem of good men, and a tear

from our victorious country."

The chateau of Ramures, lately so full

of life and bustle, was now comparatively

deserted. To the noise of arms, to the

sound of warlike instruments, to the "Who

goes there?" of the sentinels, had succe-

ded a mournful and lugubrious silence. It

was the day of the battle—the most an-

guinary one of the age. At least two

legions from this feudal manor, witnesses

so many combats during four hundred

years, more than a hundred thousand men

fought with unexampled fury, and dis-

puted foot by foot a soil already encom-

bered with the dying and the dead.

The lady of the chateau had assembled

all her domestic and retainers in the great

hall. "My children," she said, "not far

from here two powerful armies are at

strife—men, Christians, are slaughtering

each other without knowing wherefore.

Alas! prepare to succor the wounded who

uniform, for all these men are our brothers.

Get this lines into bandages, make some

flat, and give good things to the wounded.

"While you are occupied in these

pious exercises, I will read the Bible to

you, and we shall derive from its divine

precepts the strength requisite to support

the evils of war and the afflictions of life.

The young blind girl, unwilling to rest

idle, employed herself also in making lint;

were slain in this attack, and amongst the

wounded, on the crest of the entrenchment,

was Guyonard Desbours, who had wished

to conquer or die under the eyes of his

master in sharing his dangers.

The whole of these formidable in-

trinchments, so laboriously raised by

William, were covered with French sol-

diers, and the standard of Louis the Four-

teenth floated majestically over the par-

apets stained with the blood of their de-

fenders. The army was in contact at the

victory; the soldiers made the air resound

with cries of "Vive le roi!" The officers

embraced each other. They pressed ear-

gely around the Marshal de Luxembourg,

who bestowed upon each the commenda-

tions that were due to him, consoled the

wounded, and promised all the favor of a

king and the gratitude of the country. His

my aid, because will ever gratefully re-

member the friendship you have shown

him, the attachment you have promised

him, and far and near, will pray for your

happiness. And now leave me, Monsieur

Reine, and return to the camp where, for

your duties all you. Alone I came here,

alone I can return. Adieu, and may God

bless you."

Reine withdrew, but when he was at

some distance, he saw the young girl

the broken hilly which had escaped from

her hands and conceal it in her bosom.

"I am loved," thought he. "Well, 'tis

a day of happiness for me, 'tis the bright

day of my life, since I have gathered a lit-

tle glory and much love. Henceforth I

shall take my life from the day of Neer-

winden."

He entered the apartment of the mar-

shal. The hero of Neerwinden, fatigued

as he was with the events of the day,

seemed calm and composed. The young

page approached to unlace the general's

curtains.

"Monsieur," said Luxembourg gently

repelling him, "I can no longer avail my-

self of your services."

"How, my lord!" cried Reine in amaze-

ment, "have I made the misfortune to in-

jure your displeasure?"

"No, Reine de Mowbray, no," replied

Luxembourg, smiling, "but marshal of

France though I be, I cannot retain in the

number of my pages a captain of gran-

dier in the regiment of Navarre."

"A captain in the regiment of Navarre?"

cried Reine. "I, my lord, I, Reine de Mow-

bray?"

"Yes, you," continued Luxembourg, "and

it is in the king's name that I confer this

rank upon you. To-morrow you will be

recognized in this quality at the head of

the regiment, which I am certain will ap-

plaud the king's choice and mine. You

have gained this step by your integrity,

and you are worthy of the honor which

has been conferred upon you. Captain

Reine," he added, uncovering, "I salute

you."

"But, my lord," replied Reine, over-

whelmed with joy, "I am a hunchback!"

"So am I," replied Luxembourg, "but

it has not prevented me from becoming

marshal of France, and gaining the battle

of Neerwinden."

Through the night the surgeons of the

marshal bestowed their utmost attention

upon poor Guyonard Desbours, but he

was beyond human aid. Finding his

end approaching, he entrusted the mar-

shal, the Baroness of Ramures, Reine de

Desbours, and Louis to visit him in his cham-

ber. The dying man, collecting all his re-

maining strength, addressed the mar-

shal in these words: "I could not find my

dear and illustrious master, without wish-

ing to see you for the last time. During

more than twenty years I have had the

honor of being attached to your service;

and during the twenty years I attest it

here upon the bed of death—none has been

more affectionate and more devoted to your

person. On your side you have bestowed

on a thousand occasions a fatherly care

and I will dare to say a friendship, of

which I have constantly striven to render

myself worthy. Receive then, here, my

lord, with my *adieu*, the expression of a

gratitude which will only expire with me."

The marshal, greatly moved, took the

hand of the dying man in both his own.

"Friend Reine," continued Guyonard,

"in a tone which grew weaker and weaker,

"I will dare to say a friendship, of

which I have constantly striven to render

myself worthy. Receive then, here, my

lord, with my *adieu*, the expression of a

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